S——t *contra omnes.*

AN

IRISH MISCELLANY.

CONTAINING,

I. Some PROPOSALS for the Regulation and Improvement of *Quadrille.*
II. The LEGION CLUB.
III. A Curry-Comb of Truth for a certain Dean: Or, The *Grub-ſtreet* Tribunal.
IV. The Scall'd Crow's Neſt. A very old Tale.

—Nec pluribus impar.

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SEP

A NEW

PROPOSAL

For the better

Regulation and Improvement

OF

QUADRILLE.

——*Ridiculum acri*
Fortius & melius, &c. HOR. Serm.

WHEREAS the noble Game of *Quadrille* has been found, by Experience, to be of great Uſe and Benefit to the Commonwealth, particularly as it helps to kill Time that lies

heavy on our Hands, and to paſs away Life, which ſeems too long while we have it, and too ſhort when we come to part with it: As it ſuppreſſes all Wit in Converſation, which is apt to turn into Scandal, all Politicks which are offenſive to Miniſtries and Governments, and all Reading which is injurious to the Eyes, eſpecially by Candle-light: As it deſtroys Pride effectually, by bringing the Noble and Ignoble, the Learned and the Ignorant, the Prude and the Coquet, Wives, Widows, and Maids to one common Level; giving Preference of the beſt Place, and warmeſt Corner, not according to the fantaſtical Diſtinctions of Birth, Quality, and Station, but by equal Lot; as it is a ſovereign Cure for Animoſities, making People good Friends for the Time being, who heartily

heartily hate one another; as it prevents the Squabbles ſo frequent among other Dealers about the Weight of Money, and gives the lighteſt the ſame Value and Currency with the heavieſt, which is no ſmall Advantage to the Publick at this Juncture, when Change is grown ſo ſcarce; and, to name no more, as it enables the Butler to go as fine as his Maſter, without an Increaſe of Wages.

AND whereas, for want of true Taſte and Reliſh of the ſaid noble Game, divers Ladies are tardy, and come late to the Rendezvous, being detained by the paltry Cares of a Family, or a Nap after Dinner, or by hooking in a few Street-Viſits at Doors where they expect to be denied, and are ſometimes cruelly bit; while the true Pro-

 feſſors,

ſeſſors, and Adepts, who conſider the Shortneſs of human Life, and the Value of precious Time, are impatiently waiting for ſuch Loiterers, and curſe innocent Clocks and Watches, that are forced to lie in Juſtification of their Tardineſs.

NOW, in order to cut off thoſe frivolous Pretences, and prevent thoſe ill-bred and injurious Practices for the future, and to the Intent that every Lady may have due Notice of the appointed Hour; it is hereby propoſed, That a Subſcription be ſet on foot for erecting a ſquare Tower in the middle of *St. Stephen*'s-*Green*, and that a Bell be hung in the ſame, large enough to be heard diſtinctly over the Pariſhes of *St. Anne*, *St. Andrew*, and *St. Peter*; and, in calm Evenings, as far as the Pariſh of

St.

St. Mary, for the Benefit of the Graduates dwelling there: That the ſaid Bell, for greater Solemnity, ſhall be chriſtened *, according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the *Roman* Church; and that the Godfathers ſhall be *K. C.* and *M. F.* and the Godmothers *L. M.* and *R. E.* who ſhall call it the *Great Tom of Quadrille*; that the ſaid Bell ſhall be toll'd by the B----- of *St. Stephen's-Green* and *Dawſon-ſtreet*, in their turns, beginning exactly a Quarter before Six in the Evening, and ending preciſely at Six. In the mean time, all the little Church-Bells ſhall ceaſe their Babblings, to the end, *Tom* may be more diſtinctly heard.

* The Bells are chriſtened by the Papiſts.

AND

AND if, upon ſuch legal Notice, any Lady of the Party ſhall not be ready on the Spot, to draw for her Place before the laſt Stroke of *Tom*, ſhe ſhall lay down Five Shillings on the Table, by way of Fine, for the Uſe of the Poor of the Pariſh, being Proteſtants; or, on failure thereof, ſhe ſhall not handle a Card that Night, but *Dummy* ſhall be ſubſtituted in her room.

AND that Parties may not be diſappointed by Excuſes of a Cold, or other ſlight Indiſpoſitions, when it is too late to beat up for a new Recruit, it is propoſed, that no ſuch Excuſe ſhall be admitted, unleſs the ſame be certified under the Hand of ſome Graduate Phyſician, Dr. *R*--------*T*-------- always excepted; and for want of ſuch

ſuch Certificate, the Defaultreſs to be amerced, as aforeſaid, at the next Meeting. And it is further propoſed, That the ſaid great *Tom* ſhall be toll'd a Quarter before Eleven preciſely; after which no Pool ſhall be made, to the Intent, that the Ladies may have a quarter of an Hour for adjuſting their Play-purſes, and ſaying their Prayers; and in the abſence of the Butler, who is to be the Bell-Hour for the Night, it may be lawful for a Footman to ſnuff the Candles over the Ladies Shoulders, provided he be a handſome well-dreſs'd young Fellow, with a clean Shirt and Ruffles.

N. B. That *Tom* is not to toll on *Sundays*, without ſpecial Licence from the Pariſh-Miniſter; and this not till Divine Service is over.

AND

AND whereas frequent Diſputes and Alterations ariſe in Play between Ladies of Diſtinction, inſomuch that a By-ſtander may plainly perceive that they pull Coifs in their Hearts, and part with ſuch Animoſity, that nothing but the ſovereign Reconciler *Quadrille* could bring them to meet again in one Houſe; it is humbly propoſed, for the Benefit of Trade, that when a Queſtion cannot be decided by the Company, the ſame ſhall be immediately ſet down in Writing by the Lady who can write the beſt *Engliſh*; and that the Caſe being thereby ſtated, and atteſted by both Parties, ſhall, together with the Fee of one Fiſh *ad Valorem*, be laid before the renowned Mr. *B*--------, who ſhall be appointed Arbitrator-General in all Diſputes of this kind;

kind; and ſhall, moreover, have ſufficient Power and Authority to give Damages for all opprobrious Languages; and eſpecially for all Hints, Squints, Innuendo's, Leers and Shrugs, or other muſcular Motions of evil Signification, by which the Reputation of a Lady may be affected, on account of any Slip or Miſcarriage that may have happened within twenty Years laſt paſt.

AND if any Lady ſhould find herſelf aggrieved by the Deciſion of the ſaid Mr. *B*——, it ſhall be lawful for her to remove her Cauſe, by Appeal, before the * Upright Man in *Eſſex-ſtreet*, who, having having never given a corrupt Judgment, may be called, next after his Holineſs at *Rome*, the only *Infallible Judge* upon Earth; and the ſaid Upright Man's Determina-

tion ſhall be final and concluſive to all Parties.

AND for as much as it appears, by Experience, that this beneficial Branch of Commerce cannot well be carried on without Entries to be made in Writing, which, by their great Number, might occaſion Overſights and Miſtakes, without ſome prudent Reſtrictions; it is humbly propoſed, that all Appointments made for any longer Time than three Months to come, ſhall be declared utterly null and void: And in caſe a Lady ſhould happen, upon the Day prefixed within that Term, to be in Labour, or to be no longer than one Week brought to Bed; or if, for the unſeaſonable Hours, her Husband ſhould with-hold her Pin-Money, or chain her by the

the Leg to the Bed-poſt, ſhe ſhall incur no Penalty for her Non-appearance, there being no Doubt of her Inclinations.

BUT no Plea of a Husband newly buried; or of Weeds delayed by Manteau-Makers, or any other Matter of mere Faſhion, or Ceremony, ſhall be in any wiſe admitted.

AND to the Intent that no Breach of Faith may paſs unpuniſhed, it is propoſed, that the Lady making Default, ſhall, at the next Party-meeting, take the Chair neareſt the Door, or againſt a crack'd Pannel in the Wainſcot, and have no Skreen at her Back, unleſs ſhe ſhall give her Honour that her Memorandum-Paper was caſually loſt in her Folio Common-Prayer-

Book at Church, and that ſhe only peruſed it there during the Collect: In which Caſe her Puniſhment ſhall be reſpited till the next Meeting, where ſhe ſhall produce the ſame, and vouch it to be the true Original.

AND laſtly, becauſe it ſometimes happens that a Party is broken, and a Hand wanting, by * *Miſnomer*, and other Blunders of Servants carrying Meſſages; it is propoſed, that the Servant ſo offending, if it be a *Valet de Chambre*, ſhall wait in a common Livery for the ſpace of one Month; and if he be a Footman, the Booby ſhall be toſs'd in a Blanket in the middle of *Stephen*'s-*Green*.

* Wrong Name.

THE

THE LEGION CLUB.

AS I ſtrole the City, oft I
See a Building large and lofty,
Not a Bow-ſhot from the College,
Half the Globe from Senſe and Knowledge,
By the prudent Architect
Plac'd againſt the Church direct;

Making

Making good my Grannum's Jeſt,
Near the Church, you know the reſt.
Tell us what the Pile contains;
Many a Head that holds no Brains.
Theſe Demoniacks let one dub,
With the Name of *Legion Club.*
Such Aſſembly, you might ſwear,
Meet when Butchers bate a Bear.
Such a Noiſe, and ſuch Haranguing,
When a Brother Thief's a hanging;
Such a Rout, and ſuch a Rabble,
Run to hear *Jack-pudding* babble:
Such a Croud their Ordure throws
On a fearleſs Villain's Noſe.
Could I from the Building-top
Hear the rattling Thunder drop,
While the Devil 'pon the Roof,
If the Dev'l be Thunder-proof,

Shou'd,

Shou'd, with Poker fiery red,
Crack the Stones, and melt the Lead;
Drive 'em down on ev'ry Skull,
When the Den of Thieves is full;
Quite deſtroy that Harpy's Neſt,
How might then our Iſle be bleſt?
For Divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the Devil his Rod.
And the Goſpel will inform us,
He can puniſh Sons enormous.
Yet ſhou'd *Sw---t* endow the Schools,
For his Lunaticks and Fools,
With a Rod or two of Land,
I allow the Pile might ſtand.
You, perhaps, will ask me why ſo?
But it is with this Proviſo;
Since the Houſe is like to laſt,
Let a Royal Grant be paſt;

Let the Club have Right to dwell,
Each within his proper Cell,
With a Paſſage left to creep in,
And a Hole above for peeping:
Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the Nation for a Pin.
While they ſit a picking Straws,
Let them rave of making Laws;
While they never hold their Tongue,
Let them dabble in their Dung:
Let them form a grand Committee,
How to plague and ſtarve a City;
Let them ſtare, and ſtorm, and frown,
When they ſee a Churchman's Gown;
Let them, ere they crack a Louſe,
Call for the Orders of their Houſe;
Let them, with their Goſling Quills,
Scribble ſenſeleſs Heads of Bills;

We may, while they ſtrain Throats,
Wipe our A———s with their Votes:
Let Sir *T*------*s*, that rampant Aſs,
Stop his Guts with Flax and Graſs;
But before the Prieſts he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces.
At the Parſons, *Tom*, halloo Boy,
Worthy Offspring of a Shoe-boy;
Footman, Traitor, vile Seducer,
Perjur'd Rebel, vile Accuſer;
Lay thy paltry Priv'lege aſide,
Sprung from Papiſt Regicide:
Fall a working like a Mole,
Raiſe the Dirt about thy Hole.
Come, aſſiſt me, Muſe obedient,
Let us try ſome new Expedient.
Shift the Scene for half an Hour,
Time and Place are in thy Power.

Thither, gentle Muſe, conduct me,
I ſhall ask, and you inſtruct me.
See the Muſe unbars the Gate,
Hark! the Monkeys how they prate:
All the Gods who rule the Soul,
Styx, thro' Hell whoſe Waters roll;
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder Cell;
Near the Door an Entrance gapes,
Crouded round with antick Shapes;
Poverty, with Grief and Care,
Cauſeleſs Joy, and true Deſpair;
Diſcord perriwig'd with Snakes,
See the dreadful Stride ſhe takes!
By this odious Crew beſet,
I began to rage and fret;
And reſolv'd to break their Pates,
Ere we enter'd at the Gates;

Had

Had not *Clio*, in the Nick,
Whiſper'd me, *Let fall the Stick.*
What! ſaid I, is this the Mad-houſe?
Theſe, ſhe anſwer'd are but Shadows;
Phantoms, bodileſs and vain,
Empty Viſions of the Brain.
In the Porch *Briareus* ſtands,
Shews a Bribe in all his Hands;
Briareus, the Secretary,
But we Mortals call him *C---y*;
When the Rogues their Country fleece,
They may hope for Pence a piece.
Clio, who had been ſo wiſe,
To put on a Fool's Diſguiſe,
To beſpeak ſome Approbation,
And be thought a near Relation;
When ſhe ſaw two hundred Brutes
All involv'd in cold Diſputes;

Roaring till their Lungs are ſpent,
Privilege of Parliament,
Now a new Misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' Heels.
Never durſt a Muſe before
Enter that infernal Door.
Clio, ſtifled by the Smell,
Into Spleen and Vapours fell;
By the *Stygian* Steam that flew
From the dire infectious Crew.
Not the Stench of Lake *Avernus*
Wou'd have more offended her Noſe,
Had ſhe flown but on the Top,
She muſt fall, her Pinions drop;
And by Exhalations dire,
Tho' a Goddeſs, muſt expire.
In a Fright ſhe creeps away,
Bravely I reſolv'd to ſtay.

Whe

When I ſaw the Keeper frown,
Tipping him with Half a Crown;
Now, ſaid I, we're all alone,
Name your Heroes one by one:
Who is that Hell-feather'd Bawler?
Is it Satan? No! 'tis *W*----*r!*
In what Figure can a Bard dreſs
Jack the Grandſon of Sir *H*-----*ſs?*
Honeſt Keeper, drive him further,
In his Looks are Hell and Murder;
See his ſcolding Viſage drop,
Juſt as when he murder'd *T*----*p.*
Keeper, ſhow me where to fix
On that Puppey-pair of *Dicks;*
By their lanthern Jaws of Leathern,
You may ſwear they both are Brethren;
Dick Fitz-Baker, *Dick* the Player;
Old Acquaintance, are you there?

Dear Companions, hug and kiſs,
Toaſt old Glorious in your Piſs.
Tie the Keeper in a Feather,
Let them ſlave and think together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Laſh them daily, laſh 'em duly;
Though 'tis hopeleſs to reclaim them,
Scorpions Rods perhaps may tame 'em.
Keeper, yon old Dotard ſmoak,
Sweetly ſnoaring in his Cloak;
Who is he? 'tis hum drum *W---ne*,
Half encompaſs'd with his Kin:
There, obſerve the Tribe of *B---ham*,
For he never fails to bring them;
And the baſe Apoſtate *V---y*,
With Biſhops Scraps, tho' fat and greaſy,
While he ſleeps the whole Debate,
They ſubmiſſive round him wait;

Yet

Yet wou'd gladly ſee the Hunks
In his Grave, and ſearch his Trunks.
See! they gently pull his Coat,
Juſt to yawn, and give his Vote.
Theſe are *A---ns*, *Jack* and *Bob*,
Firſt in every wicked Jobb;
Son and Brother to a queer
Brain-ſick Brute, they call a Peer.
We muſt give him better Quarter,
For their Anceſtor trode Mortar;
And at *Hoath*, to boaſt his Fame,
On a Chimney cut his Name.
There ſits *Cl----nts*, *Di--ks*, and *C---ter*,
Who for Hell wou'd die a Martyr:
Such a Triplet, wou'd you tell
Where to find on this ſide Hell.
Gallows, *C--ter*, *D--ks*, and *Cl----nts*,
Sauce them in their own Excrements;

E'ery Miſchief's in their Hearts,
If they fail, 'tis want of Parts.
Bleſs us, *M--gan!* art thou here, Man?
Bleſs mine Eyes! art thou the Chairman?
Chairman to yon damn'd Committee,
Yet I look on thee with Pity.
Dreadful Sight! what! learned *M--gan*,
Metamorphos'd into a *Gorgon*?
For thy horrid Look, I own,
Half converts me to a Stone.
Haſt thou been ſo long at School,
Now to turn a factious Fool?
Alma-mater was thy Mother,
Ev'ry young Divine thy Brother;
O thou, diſobedient Varlet!
Treat thy Mother like a Harlot?
Thou, ungrateful to thy Teachers,
Who are all grown rev'rend Preachers,

M--

M---gan, wou'd it not ſurprize one?
Turn thy Nouriſhment to Poiſon;
When you walk among your Books,
They reproach you with their Looks;
Bind them faſt, or from their Shelves
They fly down to right themſelves.
Homer, *Plutarch*, *Virgil*, *Flaccus*,
All in Arms prepare to back us.
Soon repent, or put to ſlaughter
Ev'ry *Greek* or *Roman* Author.
Will you, in your factious Frays,
Send the Clergy all to graze?
And, to make your Project paſs,
Leave 'em not a Blade of Graſs.
How I want the hum'rous *Hogart!*
Thou, I hear, a pleaſant Rogue art:

Were but you and I acquainted,
Ev'ry Monſter ſhou'd be painted;
You ſhou'd try your Graving Tools
On this odious Groop of Fools:
Draw the Beaſts as I deſcribe 'em,
Form their Features, while I gibe 'em;
Draw them like, for I aſſure ye,
You will need no *Charactur æ*;
Draw them ſo, that we may trace
All the Soul in ev'ry Face.
Keeper, I muſt now retire,
You have done what I deſire:
But I feel my Spirits ſpent
With the Sight, the Noiſe, the Scent.
Pray be patient, you ſhall find
Half the beſt are left behind.

You have hardly ſeen a Score,
I can ſhew two Hundred more.
Keeper, I have ſeen enough;
Taking then a Pinch of Snuff,
I concluded, looking round 'em,
May their God (the D--- l) confound 'em.

A

Curry-Comb of Truth for a Certain DEAN:

OR, THE

GRUB-STREET TRIBUNAL.

Rumpatur quiſquis rumpitur Invidia. Martial.

DEAN, *Drapier*, *Tatler*, *Gulliver*,
Thrice call'd, before the Court appear;
And anſwer, *Culprit*, to the Crimes
That ſhall be mention'd in theſe Rhymes.

Shake

Shake at our Pow'r, for to our Side
Lawyers and *Law-givers* are ally'd.
'Tis not in *Verſe* alone we deal,
We, too direct the *Commonweal*;
The *Politicks* that *Grub-ſtreet* breeds,
The *Stateſman* at *St. James*'s reads.
Our Works are riſen from Coblers Stalls,
To *Drawing-Rooms* and *Palace-Halls*.
Full oft our Learning is diſplay'd,
In ſage Debates on *Tax* and *Trade*.
Our *Speakers* fit for *Shires* and *Cities*,
Reſolve and vote, and form Committees.
From us, the Courts of Juſtice draw
Serjeants, and *Barriſters* at Law.
Our Anceſtors full Lineage boaſt,
They riſe, till in *Old Night* they're loſt.

These *Learned, Antient, Powerful, Wiſe,*
Maliciouſly you ſatirize;
Their noble *Writers* you defame,
And blaſt their *Orators* good Name;
Traitor to them, and to the State,
Hark to your Crimes—the Jury's ſet.

You, *Jonathan*, at ſundry Times
Did publiſh wicked Things call'd Rhymes;
Whoſe Senſe on Great Ones Slander carries,
Witneſs *the Caſe of* Frances Harris.
Your Pamphlets all Rebellion ſound,
You libell'd all the *Junta* round;
You prompted *Perkins* to Invaſion,
Vide *the Broomſtaff Meditation:*
A Staff's a Maſt, we plainly ſee't,
A Maſt a Ship, a Ship a Fleet.

Item,

Item, With a malign Intention,
You gave the Name of *Bribe* to *Penſion*.
Item, You, and that Varlet *Waters*,
(For which you both deſerve ſtrong Halters)
Perſuaded all our *Iriſh* Dames
To give their *Engliſh* Silks to Flames;
To *Britain*'s Trade you put a Spoke,
And Patriot *Ballandine* half broke.
You hate, 'cauſe not Communicants,
Our deareſt *Brother-proteſtants*,
The Presbyters, whoſe humble Spirit,
Meek Moderation, mighty Merit,
Will bear the Teſt, if we recal
To mind the Reign of good *Saint Noll*.
Next, you'd encourage *Iriſh* Trade—
How came that Freak into your Head?

Except

Except *poor E*——'s Fate you're brewing,
Which our encourag'd Trade might ruin.
Culprit, you'll not deny, we hope,
Your ſtrong Attachment to a *Pope*;
Which ſubtle Spark, we have good Reaſons,
To think Abettor to your Treaſons;
For he, oh moſt unhallow'd Sound!
Has call'd all *Grub-ſtreet Dunces* round.
And in the *Rape o' th' Lock*, you'll own,
He ſung the Whore of *Babylon*,
As honeſt *Eſdras Barnevelt*,
A good Friend to our Party, ſmelt.
Whom, when you laſh the Sex d'ye mean?
Your Jokes are levell'd at the Q——.
And you've confeſs'd to all, " You hate
" Both —— and M—— of State.

Item,

Item, You flew in Power's Face,
When you declar'd againſt *Wood*'s Braſs.
Poor E—— loſt by that, 'tis found,
One hundred and eight thouſand Pound.
And, ſay, what did you get by that?
Truly you propt a *ſinking State*;
And for that very Crime you're fam'd,
And *Lucius Junius Brutus* nam'd.
Nay, don't deny it was your Act,
The very *Signs* will prove the Fact.
Under your Cloak of Charity,
Good Heaven! what Treaſons do there lie?
Treaſon! for it ſupports the Poor
Of *Caven*, *Meath-ſtreet*, and *Donore*;
And at your Word each Clothing Street,
Wou'd—mind their Work, and eat their Meat:

Nay, in their Ale-houſe Converſation,
Their Toaſt's Dean *Swift*, the Trade, and Nation;
And ſure, if their Affairs would bear it,
They'd do the ſame in Papiſt Claret.
And thus, let who's will fill the Throne,
'Tis ten to one they wou'd go on.
'Tis Treaſon to be *popular*,
Now anſwer, Priſoner, at the Bar:
Hold——half the Indictment is not done,
To the other Miſdemeanours——on——
The Catalogue is of vaſt Length,
Item, On *Thurſday June* the *tenth*,
White Roſes in his Garden found,
Prove it is *Jacobitiſh* Ground:
Nay, it is prov'd that the ſaid Dean,
On Day *ut ſupradict.* was ſeen

To laugh, and dreſs, and pray, and read,
And eat, and drink, and do his Need.

ITEM, Another *Tory* Day,
Scilicet, *Twenty-ninth* of *May*;
The aforeſaid Criminal did dare
To ſit upon an *Oaken* Chair;
And, 'tis obſerv'd, he will not ſmoak,
Without a Stopper of *Royal Oak*.

ITEM, 'Tis ſworn he is a Wizzard,
And has a Devil in his Gizzard;
To prove which, Sirs, 'twas he bewitched
That upright Magiſtrate Judge *Wh----d*,
His Country's Prop, who never ſold
His Conſcience for a Place, or Gold:

His Scheme to enrich *Ireland*, was
By lining all his Walls with Braſs;
Let then each Borough give a Kettle,
To raiſe his Statue in that Metal:
And write beneath, tho' he ne'er ſtole 'em,
Libertas, & natale ſolum.
Thus void of Fear, or Shame, or Grace,
Thank Heav'n! you've miſs'd a Mitred Place.
The only Enſign of your Pride,
Is the Virge ſtuck beneath your Side;
For, let me ſee who dare promote
A Wit ſo flagrant in your Coat.
You vilify the Men in Place,
From Knights to Juſtices o' Peace;
And Ladies, all but *Stella*, are
Smarting beneath thy Laſh ſevere;

Faultleſs, for all thy bitter Jokes,
And only do like other Folkes.
The rev'rend Sages of the *Bar*,
Of thy Ill-nature have their Share;
'Twas you traduc'd a noble *Serjeant*,
And ſaid, he knew nor Text nor Margent,
And found out Half a Crown and Sweats-worth,
Exactly rhym'd to learned ******
" You ſaid, a perjur'd Dog denotes,
" *Porter* and *P——ſt*, and *Oates*;
String with Raſcals the Progenitor
Of a ſagacious florid *Senator*;
Who, we may think it with good Reaſon,
Ne'er harbour'd in his Stomach Treaſon.
Whoſe Wants ne'er urg'd, whoſe Head was not
Deſign'd or fitted for a Plot:

Whoſe

Whoſe Anceſtors were Props of Nations
For many Hundred Generations;
If Hundreds were, ſince Great *Mileſius*
Roaſted in *Ireland* his *Potatoes*;
Whoſe *old Nobility* appears
From the *Red Hand* his 'Scutcheon bears;
And during Ages he will bear it,
While he has left an Heir to wear it.
He only mix'd with plotting Fellows,
To bring the Traytors to the Gallows;
How well by him the Work was done?
If *Tyburn*'s grateful, let it own.
Ne'er fading Honour crown that Wight,
Who bid him kneel, and riſe *Sir Knight*;
And let his Acts remember'd grace
The noble Scyons of his Race.

You'll

You'll tell, if ſtill your Malice riſes,
Strange Stories of *Clonmel* Aſſizes.
If fearleſs thus you're let to write,
You'll from a *Felon* trace a *Knight*,
And blot more Hatchments in an Hour,
Than *Hawkins* can contrive in four.
And laſt of all, ſince *Ormond*'s *Grace*,
St. John and *Harley* were in Place,
You ne'er were at a Levee ſeen
To beg a Place with humble Grin.
Sir *Blue-ſtring*, now the firſt of Men,
Owes not a Diſtich to thy Pen;
Who ſhouldſt have drawn him Juſt and Wiſe,
And Good——enough, he dies! he dies!

Now, Bards and Bardlings, all prepare,
Each in the Execution ſhare;

Pour

Pour out your Scribes of different ſorts,
Colleges, *Garrets*, *Inns o' Courts*:
Firſt *B*****, Lungs are thy Renown,
Open, and ſpeech the Varlet down;
And between whiles, Sir *T——m*, do you in-
Terpoſe a Sentence to his Ruin;
Arbuckle, riſe upon thy Sticks,
And ſtifle him with Politicks:
Tickle him to Death, ſmooth *D——t*,
You are an Adept at that Sport.
And oh, tremendous *Bezaleel!*
Let him thy *blunted* Poiniard feel;
Lay on, if you can't pierce his Skin,
Give him black Eyes, and break his Chin;
Detach, ye Garrets of *Back-Lane*,
Your Writers, to deſtroy the *Dean*.

You,

You, Freſhmen, Scriblers of the College,
Squirt at the Caitiff all your Knowledge;
And make him rue the Moment when
He on the *Dunces* drew his Pen.
Ye News Boys, you're a ſort of Bard,
Roar loud, lay on his Hearing hard;
And if you fail to roar him down,
Throw all the *Kennels* on his Gown;
For *Dirt*, and *Mud*, and *ſtinking* Water,
Are good Ingredients for a *Satyr*.
Lay on, lay on, our noble Party,
All from Dunce *Theobald* to Dunce *C——y*;
But ſee in vain you kick and cuff,
Call Son of a *Whore*, and *ſwear* and *huff*;
His woundleſs Hide returns the Blows
Full on th' Aſſailant's bloody Noſe.

Oons, ſo much Dirt for nothing thrown!
What! not ſo much as ſoil his Gown!
By G—d, the very Devil himſelf,
Is come to patronize the Elf;
See how he grins, and makes his Sport,
G—d damn his Blood—Diſmiſs the Court.

THE

THE
SCALL'D CROW's NEST.
A Very Old
T A L E.

THE SCALL'D CROW's NEST.

A Very Old TALE.

IN antient Days, as Sages write,
The Time and Place are loſt in Night,
A Flock ſelect of little ſcall'd Crows,
Wrote by modern Criticks, ſmall Beaux;

A ſpurious Brood, with Harpy Claws,
Begot 'twixt Rooks, and Kites, and Daws;
Thoſe airy Vermin, fraught with Pride,
O'er better Birds would ſeem to ride;
And ſo one Day, among the reſt,
Flew to conſult into a Neſt:
But here I hint, to ſave my Bones,
The Neſt was not compos'd of Stones;
Though 'tis affirm'd, in Days of Yore,
The ſmalleſt one would hold a Score:
Now down they ſit——*O Yes's* ring!
Silence, ye Birds!——*God ſave the King.*

A *ſhabby Crow*, in diſmal Croak,
The ſable Audience thus beſpoke:

Most *honour'd Mates*——*I riſe to State,*
A Caſe of Moment, and of Weight;
A Caſe that calls for all our Might,
To ſet the injur'd World aright!
For * Monſtrous Crimes, *and greater far*
Than Rebel Titan's *heav'nly War,*
Vile Pies *commit; diſdaining Rule,*
The Plebeian Sons *proclaim me Fool;*
And cry aloud---(*if we give Law*)
They all are doom'd to Cage and Straw.
Pr'ythee, then ſhall we redreſs 'em?
No---damn me----let's oppreſs 'em.
So humbly move they get the Cart,
Who rack'd with Cholick, winch, or f----t.

He ſaid—ſudden they clap their Wings,
With croaking Praiſe Heav'n's Convex rings!
* *Sweet Satan ſo* his Purpoſe vented,
Applauding ſo, all Hell aſſented;
'Twas their *Nem. Con.* reſolv'd, *a Grin*,
A Hint, a Squint—ſhould be a Sin;
And the exploded Trifle, *Reaſon*,
Was voted out of Doors for *Treaſon:*
Wonders were *done* with *Bills* and *Claws*,
They puniſh'd Fleas, and murder'd Laws.
And wiſely ſcorning Heathen Rules,
Left Honeſty to ſtarving Fools.

---

* Milton.

They

They freely pick'd their Neighbours Oats,
And to repay 'em, cut their Throats.
Why ſhould *Pies* or *Pigeons* blunder?
Sacred Scoundrels always plunder.

A PRETTY *Crow* too, thought it fit
To mind the World where D----dy ſh--t;
For what great Purpoſe do you think?
His Fondneſs for immortal Stink.
Let Peers love Peers----for, on my Word,
'Tis juſt Sir *T*———*s* love Sir T-----d;
They're Brothers, and may proudly boaſt
Illuſtrious Birth from K---- of Poſt.

Some other Speakers *here* were found,
Hirelings, whom the D----l confound!
To mention all the *Raſcal Tribe*,
Requires a Pen for ev'ry Bribe.
Five Months they ſpent within the Neſt,
Five Months a Kingdom's Scorn and Peſt!
But when ev'ry Bird had hiſs'd 'em,
An Eagle comes---- and ſo bepiſs'd 'em:
Then out they flew, with horrid Squall,
Belov'd by none, and curs'd by all.

Now ev'ry Booby thinks he's able,
Directly to apply my *Fable*;
Though, I confeſs, I want the Wit
To name the Mortals it would hit;

And dearly love the Carrion Drones,
That pick a dying Nation's Bones.

THEN mark me!---leſt I ſuffer by't,
For harmleſs Birds, alone, I write.

FINIS.

3 SEP 35